

# THE PIONEER.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Progress.

In view of the talent devoted to the object of facilitating and lightening agricultural labor, and the numerous machines by which that object is successfully accomplished, it is not strange that farmers as a body are so slow to adopt improvements, so negligent of their own best interests? As a class they are more practically conservative, more tenacious of old customs than any other. A demonstration of the utility and profit of a new process of culture, or labor saving machine has, with too many, no weight against the fact that their father followed some good old plan, raised a large family and died at a comfortable old age, contented with little and secure of a living at least they choose to plod and dig through life in the same dull, monotonous and unthinking modes. This is one reason why farming as an occupation has so long lagged behind every other kind of business, and farmer's sons have forsaken the noblest and most independent calling on earth, in pursuit of the fancied distinctions and precarious gains of mercantile or professional life.

The cause of this conservatism is undoubtedly to be found in the intrinsically self-sustaining and independent condition of the farmer; for however negligent and unskillful in his labors, his drafts on Nature's Banks are always honored—and each returning harvest supplies his necessary wants. The merchant, the mechanic, the artist, and the professional man, is compelled to keep up with the spirit of the age or abandon his business, while the farmer if excelled by his keen sighted neighbor, Antaeus-like falls back upon Mother Earth who alleviates if she does not prevent his defeat.

But we trust a better day is coming, and rejoice at the signs of progress which already begin to appear; most gladly do we welcome the approach of that day when clock-hopper and farmer shall cease to be synonymous, and when agriculture employing the highest powers of mind as well as body, shall be exalted to the front rank among liberal professions.

### Notes of Travel.

We learn from the Ohio Cultivator that Col. Harris, the accomplished associate editor of that paper has recently been enjoying the country air, among the farmers, wood growers, and fowl breeders of Crawford county.

We would not in the least extenuate the praises bestowed upon the model farms and choice stock of our neighbor, only as the thing stands upon the record, it is perhaps slightly invidious. The "notes" should have assigned some good excuse for not visiting Wyandot, and by way of repelling any improper inferences that might be drawn from that omission, we jot down the fact that in good farms, horses, cattle, sheep hogs, and chickens, this fine country knocks under to nothing in the entire hoop-pole region. We trust the Col. will take ocular observation of these matters, about as soon as the O. & I. Railroad is completed to Upper Sandusky, even if the inducements held out do not tempt him to risk the corduroys.

### Pruning.

When judiciously performed, pruning adds much to the bearing qualities of fruit trees. As a general rule trees designed for shade and ornament should be left to develop their beauties after nature's pattern. Even for fruit trees it is a species of doctoring and much else in that line too often overdone. Some persons prune everything; they plant poles and expect to raise trees, cut off the limbs to promote the growth of the trunk, and rob the trees of all the organs through which it receives nutriment from the air, and which are necessary for its protection from the vicissitudes of climate.

This practice is properly characterized in the following pungent remarks from the "Old Digger" in the Horticulturalist: "It is quite wonderful what a passion some men have for what they call pruning trees, and what I call murdering them by inches. Only put a knife or saw into their hands; and a tree before them, and you will see that it is only because they were not born Caliphs of Bagdad, their neighbors have any heads left on their shoulders. Gardeners from the 'ould country,' especially all such as have served their time behind the wheelbarrow, are mighty fond of this sort of thing. One of these 'gentlemen' was lopping off and utterly despoiling the natural ways of a fine lind tree lately. When he was cross-questioned a little as to what he was about, ruining the tree in that manner, he replied—'Bless your soul!—I'm only a little better gardener than this Paddy—many a man who has done as good things in the gardening way in Great Britain, as can be done any where in the world, is placed in the same awkward fix, when he comes into a country with a dry, hot climate, like the United States. All his life long he has been busily learning how to 'let the air in' to the top, and keep the wet away from the roots, till it is second nature to him, and he finds it almost impossible to adopt just the contrary practice when he gets to America, as it is for a Polar bear, and walk about like a tropical gentleman in his natural nankin pants and waistcoat. He cuts away at his trees to let in the sun, and raises up his flower beds to drain off the wet, when it is just the very sun and drought that we have too much of. No man can be a good gardener who will not listen to reason, and in a country where nature evidently meant leaves for umbrellas, take care how you snap your fingers at that, by pruning without mercy and 'letting the air in.'"

**Cattle vs. Horses.**  
We copy a long and well written article from the Ohio Farmer on the comparative merits of these animals, which we commend to the attention of our farmers. We have often thought that oxen could be profitably substituted for horses in many kinds of farm work, and that there was an unwise prejudice existing against their use, more especially amongst that portion of our citizens who hail from old Pennsylvania.

**The Ohio Cultivator.**  
We are happy to welcome this Pioneer of western agriculture, to our exchange list. The Cultivator has reached its 9th volume, and its patronage and usefulness are constantly increasing. The editorial force has kept pace with the rapid growth of Ohio Agriculture. M. B. Bateham is now assisted in the Ladies' Department by Mrs. Josephine C. Bateham, and in the general editorial management by Col. S. D. Harris; whom from his manifest proclivity to female equestrianism, we judge to be yet in "the salad days" of bachelorism. Success to their corps editorial, all and singular.

**New York Cattle Market.**  
For the week ending July 11, 1853, compiled from the Tribune.

Receipts during the week. Beeves 2,607. Cows 210. Calves 1,599. Sheep and Lambs 10,571. Swine 2,339. Total 17,223.

The prices at that date were—for best beef cattle, 9 to 9½, and a few very extra at 10c. Common 7½ to 8c. inferior about 7c per lb of beef in the four quarters. Market very dull.

Good Sheep: are selling at from \$2.50 to \$5. Some extra fine 56, to \$10 per head.

Lambs sell for \$2.50 to \$5, per head in small lots. One salesman sold 1000 during the week, about equally divided sheep and lambs, for an average of \$4.25—market lively.

Cows and calves are dull enough; without calves some fair cows have sold at \$20 to \$22; with calves \$25 to \$35. Veal, sells at 4½ to 6c, live weight. Swine are selling at 6c, live weight.

**New York Horse Market.**

From the Tribune of July 13th. The Reporter says: I find a less number of horses in market to-day, than any other day that I have visited the streets. There is only 497 on hand and the sales of the week have only reached 323. The trade is active for stage railroad and city work horses. Prices vary from \$100 to \$400. Fast gait and choice spans go above these figures.

The report concludes as follows:

Upon the whole although the stables look so empty, and the number sold only foot up a little over half what it has been for some weeks, yet everybody says they have never seen trade as lively before at this season of the year. It is true the sales are less, yet the prices are not much reduced. I would recommend farmers and dealers not to send in many horses for the next month or six weeks, and then they may be able to open the fall trade with a great deal of spirit. There is no doubt the demand for good horses next fall will exceed anything ever seen before in this city at that season of the year, for this is now getting to be the great central market for horses, as well as all other merchandise.

**Late Sown Vegetables.**

Some of the greatest delicacies for the table use may be obtained from quite late sowings. We can speak most positively in regard to turneps. Both the round and flat turnep may be sown at any time in July or August, and we have known it come to considerable maturity, in a season in which there were no early frosts, when sown in the first week of September.—Special pains should be taken to enrich the soil, for in this way we secure two objects—the more rapid growth of the plant and a sweeter and more tender vegetable.

We suppose it is generally well known that the more rapid the growth of this and several other vegetables, the more mild and tender they are to the taste. Cabbages, onions, radishes, spinach, cauliflower, are all much more delicate in flavor, and agreeable to the palate when grown freely and rapidly, than when their growth is stunted or slow. Cucumbers and celery may also be added to the above named, as being much milder when grown rapidly than when of slow growth. Some of these may be raised late in the season as well as turneps, so as to supply the table with the delicacies of spring and summer until quite late in the fall and winter.

By the end of July and in the course of August there will be vacant places in garden and field, which it will be good economy to sow with turneps. There will be, at all events, the pea and early potato to ground; these and other such patches may be sown with round or even flat turnep, and thereby, we will be making provision both for our family and our stock. What we do not use for our table will be well relished by our cattle; and cows which have a tolerable supply, will not dry up so early as cows that have no green feed.—Country Gent.

**Cattle vs. Horses.**

**EDITOR OHO FARMER.**—In your paper of March 10th, I noticed an article entitled "The ox versus the horse." It gives me pleasure to see such articles in print. The figures always tell, and never lie, and no class of men need apply figures to their business more rigidly than farmers. How many farmers had thought to put the figures to the expense of keeping their team of horses before reading that article in the Farmer? Perhaps some may have thought they were expensive, but by pruning they could not be dispensed with. The

work would lag without the team of well-fed horses, and this would lead to a loss greater than the expense of keeping—Thus many reason; thus I reasoned once. When starting in farming I thought a horse team a *sine qua non*. Oxen might be good in their place, but that was at hard drills, in shockingly hard places. On an old farm, clean of logs and stumps, nothing could possibly answer but a team of fine horses.

Accordingly I bought a pair of fine colts. They were reared with the utmost care, and allowed to run till they were five years old before being put to service. I was bound to have a team. They were considered at six years old competent to take their place before the plow, and supercede the necessity of any other team on the farm. They were strong, and full of spirit, and I looked forward to the approach of spring's work without a single doubt as to its being completed in the best of season.

But alas! "The horse is a vain thing for safety." Two days had I been following my pampered team, the work going bravely on, when Vixen, the especial pride of my eyes, began to cough. What could it mean? Was it possible for the noble creature, so full of spirit, to be diseased? The third day she began to hang her head, and refused to eat well of oats. What could the matter be? "Was she sick?" The "Horse Doctor" was called, and he pronounced the case to be a "most severe attack of horse distemper." What was to be done? The spring's work just commenced, and the team sick. The Doctor said the mare must not be worked. She must be kept warm, and receive the very best of attention, or she would die. His advice and prescriptions were paid for, and the mare got well, but how she looked!

Thus ends the first chapter.

Not entirely discouraged by my spring misfortune, I looked to the work of the autumn with very much of the same feelings with which I had anticipated the work of spring. The horses would then be on hand.

Having over, the summer fallow would need to be put in order for the wheat.—The horses were accordingly taken from the pastures, where they had run almost all summer unmolested, to give Vixen a chance to fully recruit after her severe attack of horse distemper, fed a few oats to prepare them more fully for the arduous duty before them, and then harnessed to the harrow.

It was a warm day, and the driver was fearful he should injure the team; so about ten o'clock he proposed to give them a longer "breathing spell" than common, and also refresh himself by a gentle loll in the shade. The lines were dropped, and our driver hid into the cool retreat. And now comes another item in the profits of our indispensable team.

From some cause, adequate or inadequate, it matters not which, they became frightened, and away they went pell mell, the harrow flying in the air, till they "brought up" against a high post in a corner of the field, frightened, fatigued and Sir William most horribly cut and seared with the harrow teeth, and lamed to such an extent that it took weeks of doctoring to cure him.

In the mean time the oxen were pressed into service, and before Sir William fully recovered, the wheat was growing green over the field, for work on which the horses were entitled to a credit for about three hours work, and should stand charged with a broken harrow and torn harness, and a doctor's bill of about \$5.00.

This year's experience shook my confidence in horse teams a good deal, but I still stuck to mine, hoping that better success would attend me in the future. Vain hope! The next season they ran twice with a wagon and once with a sled, the last time running over another sled with a neighbor on it, and injuring him severely.

By this time I had the reputation of keeping an unsafe team, which I could not deny, and one which no one would buy who valued his life. Things looked as if my \$200 team would have to be sold at a sacrifice, and two years' experience had taught me perfectly that to keep them was a sacrifice.

At length a neighbor who always had a fancy for Vixen, proposed to take her, and give me a pair of nice four year old cattle. My experience had just prepared me for such a trade. I closed the bargain with him at once, and have not since owned a pair of strong, spirited and reliable farm horses.

And now, having given a bit of my experience with horses, as a team for work on a farm, you will indulge me still further in giving my experience and management with oxen as a team for performing work on the farm.

My system of management is this: I keep a portion of the time, especially in the early part of the spring, when heavy plowing is to be done, two yoke of oxen, one heavy yoke, and one lighter, unless I happen to find a heavy pair that can be bought at a living price. The pair kept through the winter to perform such work as may be necessary, are made sufficiently fleshy for market by spring, and are sold after the heavy work is done. The lighter ones are well fed while finishing the spring work, and when put to pasture are in fine condition to thrive rapidly on grass. These are ready for market by the last of summer, and are sold, if prices suit, and a lean yoke bought to perform the work of autumn, will get in fine condition to thrive well during the winter under the feed and treatment I give them.

During the winter, my oxen are fed with all the hay and straw they will eat and are allowed from two to four quarts of corn and coal meal each per day—about

two quarts each per day if not worked, and four quarts when worked. In addition to this, they are kept on a good bed of straw every night, and are as well groomed as my horse.

With this kind of management, I succeeded in making from \$10 to 40 on each yoke of cattle kept on the farm, and always have a strong, reliable team. My experience is, that the grain usually fed to one horse by a man who takes pride in driving a sleek nag, will, with good treatment make one pair of oxen good beef in the course of six months, besides rendering them capable of performing a vast amount of work for their owner. I am a great friend to the oxen, and to the extent of my ability shall ever stand forth in their defence.

The kind of oxen I prefer for farm work are those of medium size, as they are more active, and at most kinds of work will perform more than a great overgrown pair, and are more easily kept. A cross of Durham and Devon make very good oxen for work, but are rather too heavy, but every thing considered, perhaps they come nearer the true point than pure Devons.

The best age for work and for taking on flesh, I think is from five to seven.

My experience is, that a pair of six years old oxen that have never been over-worked, well fed, and with good treatment in every respect, will perform at most kinds of farm work as much as the best of horses, and all the while be putting money in the pockets of their owners by their increase in flesh.

Respectfully, F. E. N.

Clay Dale, May 25th, 1853.

**Western Judges.**

If half the stories told of Western judges be true, we should think that a strict Maine Law would be of invaluable service to Buckeye or Hoosier jurisprudence.

One of the "last worst" on record in an anecdote, from the Spirit of the Times, of the eccentric Judge S., who occupied a seat in one of the wealthiest circuits of Tennessee:

Upon one occasion there were two men arraigned before him, charged with disturbing the peace, &c.

No. 1, upon the usual question of "guilty or not guilty," pleaded guilty to drunkenness.

Judge S.—You were drunk, were you, sir?

Prisoner.—Yes, sir.

What did you get drunk on, sir?

Whiskey, sir.

What sort of whiskey, sir?

Now whiskey, sir.

What, right new whiskey, sir?

Yes, sir; just warm from the still.

So you got drunk on new whiskey, right warm from the still, did you?

Yes, sir.

Mr. Clerk, fine that man ten dollars, and imprisonment in the county jail one month.

No. 2, upon being arraigned pleaded guilty also.

You were drunk were you sir?

Yes, sir.

What did you get drunk on, sir?

Brandy, sir.

What sort of brandy?

Peach brandy, sir.

What! old peach brandy, sir?

Yes, sir.

How did you drink it?

With a little honey, sir.

What sort of honey, sir?

Nice strained honey, sir.

Yes, sir.

Mr. clerk, fine that man one dime, the court would like a few of that itself.

This same Judge S. had a very wild son, named Bob; who was constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once before the court for drunkenness, the judge cried out—

Is that our Bob?

Yes, sir.

Fine the rascal two dollars and costs.

I'd make it ten dollars, if I didn't know it would come out of my own pocket.

A couple of young ladies having buried their father who was an old humorist, and had such aversion to matrimony that he would not allow them to marry, however advantages might be offered, conversing on his character, the eldest observed.

"Well, said the youngest, 'I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be my man.'"

"Hold sister," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands. Let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book."

"I am sorrow for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

**WIT vs. TYRANNY.**—Al Hejaj, who governed Irak more than twenty years, was equally remarkable for his cruelty, and love and wit. He one day met a strange Arab, and asked him "what sort of a man is this Al Hejaj, of whom people talk so much?"

"He is a great scoundrel," replied the Arab.

"Do you know me?" asked the irritated governor.

"No," said the stranger.

"I am that Al Hejaj of whom you give so bad a character!"

"Well, do you know me?" asked the Arab in return.

"No," was the reply.

"I am a member of the family of Roher, whose posterity all become mad three days in a year, and this is one of them."

Al Hejaj freely pardoned the insult.

**A Yankee Shoemaker.**

"You hain't no occasion for a jer nor nothin' I s'pose," said a jolly son of St. Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs as he entered a shoe establishment with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I hain't," was the reply of the boss. "Why I should like a dozen if I could get 'em; but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"O, as the matter o' that," said the snob, "I reckon how I can make a decent sort of craft."

"Spread you kit, then," said the boss. "I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me; I can give you a steady set of work."

Crispin was soon hammering and whistling away as a happy as a clam at high water, and the boss was called away on some business which detained him two or three hours—meanwhile the tramping jer had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was made in my shop, that's a fact."

"T'rays you'd like to beta trifles on that," said the snob.

"Ret," responded the boss, "why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a hand of tobacco that there was never a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done," said Crispin, at the same time casting a sly wink at his shop mates, "but stop let me see if I've so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole hand of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the snet skin hid alongside of it, which was no sooner done than he proceeded to draw from his sliding place the other shoe.

"Here, boss," said he, "you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst."

"Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time," replied the boss, pushing the cavendish and shipplaster towards the right-ful owner, and throwing a nimble to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no farther instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twink of a bed-post, and soon returned with a quart of black-strap.

After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd Yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the boss a hearty good-bye started again on a tramp very well satisfied with the forenoon's work.

**Anecdote of Westey.**

Joseph Bradford was for many years the traveling companion of Mr. Westey, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life, but to whom his will would never bend except in meekness.

"Joseph," said Mr. Westey one day, "take these letters to the post."

B.—I will take them after preaching, sir.

W.—Take them now, Joseph.

B.—I wish to hear you preach, sir.

W.—I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

B.—I will not go at present.

W.—You won't.

B.—No, sir.

W.—Then you and I must part.

B.—Very good, sir.

The good man slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the refractory helper was accosted with.

W.—Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?

B.—Yes, sir.

W.—And we must part?

B.—Please yourself, sir.

W.—Will you ask my pardon?

B.—No, sir.

W.—Then I will ask yours, Joseph.

Poor Joseph was instantly melted;—smitten as by the wand of Moses;—when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul, as was soon observed when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head.

**THE MAN AND THE VINE.**—In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"What are the properties of this tree?"

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee plant this tree."

So saying the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then a ape, and last of all a pig, killing each in succession and moistening the roots of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a portion of wine, he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more, he resembles an ape in his folly, and absurd and mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a pig wallowing in the mire.

**POLITENESS.**—A courteous Frenchman in reply to the question why women were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said that, to be a member it was requisite to be forty years old, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady could reach that unseemingly age.

**ADVERSITY.**—A late writer says, "No body bears adversity like a woman. Re-

**U. SANDUSKY CLOTHING STORE.**

Gentlemen, of every nation—Every one, land and station: High and low, short and tall: All and one, one and all.

**Goto P. L. Reed's.**

P. L. Reed has in store, Goods—who witness will adore, Ye who want and wish to buy, Call as ye are passing by.

**At P. L. Reed's.**  
P. L. Reed's costs are best, (For such they are by all confessed,) Their texture, manufacture, style, Are unsurpassed. Far proof see piles.

**At P. L. Reed's.**  
Ye who would clothe the sacred breast, In the most famous and durable vest, And "a la mode," daily wear, The parlor, ball room, city, grove,

**Boy at P. L. Reed's.**  
Ye who want for fashionable suits, And seek to gratify your wants, Proceed to P. L. Reed's stand, And constantly you'll find on hand.

**P. L. Reed.**  
Upper Sandusky, Jan. 7th, 1853.—1—4p

**BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**

BIESTLE would say to the citizens of this place and surrounding country, that he has made a very large and constantly making additions to his stock of Boots & Shoes, such as: Gentlemen's French and common calf Boots and shoes, single and double sole, carriage boots and shoes, Morocco, do, Ladies boots, slippers, &c., &c. He is prepared to furnish, and that on the shortest notice, ton, any article in his line, from the first and most carefully finished boots and shoes, for men, women, girls, boys and children, to the coarsest and cheapest article. It is his pride and boast, that he can and does give general satisfaction to all his customers, both in quality and price of his articles. As his stock is of his own manufacture, purchasers may rely upon getting an article well made. Thankful for the very generous patronage which he has extended to him, he is determined to use his best endeavors to merit a continuance of the same, and he believes that the character of his work will be greatly appreciated by a discriminating public.

**CHRISTIAN BIESTLE.**

Upper Sandusky, March 25th, 1853.

**CASH GROCERY.**

Do! all ye that have Money to spend, come and spend it.

**SUGGEST TAKE NOTICE.**

THE AMERICAN has opened a saloon opposite to the Upper Sandusky Hotel and on the north of the Drug store, where he will keep constantly on hand a choice selection of such articles as are necessary to the comfort and convenience of his customers, and which he will dispose of very reasonable terms.

Within his shell a dutchman dwells Who keeps all kinds of liquors, If you are dry, walk in and try, For five cents a kullipier.

**Cheers.**

Yes, social friend, I love thee well, Thy clouds all other clouds dispite And lap me in delight.

Be it known, also, he keeps on hand all kinds of furniture, general light and heavy, and chairs, which he will dispose of at the lowest rates. He is also prepared to make up work on the shortest notice. Ladies and Gentlemen, in new or old, great and small, short and tall, little and big, come give me a call.

Upper Sandusky, April 11th, 1853.—1—4p

**FASHIONABLE BARBER.**

Leaving to others the business of shaving, the subscriber will devote his undivided attention (and it will be his aim to achieve as near perfection as possible) to the business of shaving the heads, shampooing their heads, and cutting their hair after the latest and most approved fashions. Having had many years experience in the business, and being actuated by the desire to please he flatters himself that those who give him a call will go away perfectly satisfied.

Particular attention will be paid to cutting hair and shampooing.

He would respectfully say to his patrons whom he is in the habit of shaving regularly, that if they could make it convenient he would like to have them call and get shaved on Saturday morning instead of Sunday morning, or on Sunday morning, as early as possible.

Upper Sandusky, June 1